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A
S K E T C H
OF THE
LIFE, LABORS, AND ADVENTURES
OF
ELDER ELISHA PERRYMAN;
PREPARED FROM HIS OWN NOTES,
BY
A F R I E N D .

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NOTE TO THE READER.

In the following pages, as will be perceived, the first person has been used; this was done to add interest as well as naturalness to the narrative.

The facts and incidents presented are substantially the same as in the original notes, the phraseology being altered as little as possible, consistently with a moderate reference to propriety of expression and accuracy of construction. Some may have preferred to see more of the *lineal labor*, others not so much; a middle course was thought advisable. In most instances, however, the peculiarities of style has been preserved remarkably pure.

Opportunity has been taken to intersperse this "sketch" with occasional remarks and exhortations, by way of improvement; this has been done that profit, as well as pleasure, might result from the perusal.

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
ELDER ELISHA PERRYMAN.



CHAPTER I.

I was born on the 6th day of February, 1769, in Halifax county, Virginia. My ancestors came from Wales; the time of their emigration to this country, I do not know. My father and mother were both natives of Virginia; the former was born in Prince Edward, the latter in Caroline county. They, as well as my grand parents, so far as I know, were plain, homespun, old-fashioned, orthodox, predestinarian Baptists; so you see, I am but a chip from the old block. My father lived, at the time of my birth, on Winn's

Creek, near Dan River. Like all true lovers of their country, he was much engaged in the Revolutionary war. Besides other engagements, he was present at the battle of Guilford Court House ; in this battle, he was captain of a volunteer company which he himself had raised. In common with many others, father's family suffered much from the British, about this time. When Cornwallis had got through pursuing Gen. Greene, he took up his camp within six miles of our house ; so that we were just at the mercy of these wicked people. While there, his troops ravaged the country, I reckon, for ten miles round, carrying off whatever they wanted, and destroying a great deal that they did not want. Tarleton's horse company were the main ones in plundering the people. Almost everybody from our settlement run away to some thick chinkapin roughs not far off, where there was nothing for these men to get, if

they had come. A few old women and little children were all that dared to stay at their homes, the soldiers of Cornwallis were so bad. Once, while some of these wicked men were stealing some bed-clothes, and such like things, some of the folks said to them, "Never mind, you will have to give an account of this at the day of judgment." "O, well then," said they, "if we are going to have as long credit as that, we will take some more." And thus the abominable fellows went on, taking people's things at a high rate. They broke us up entirely; they ate up our cattle, hogs, corn, fodder, and everything of the kind. Tarleton's horse company carried off three or four stacks of our oats, at one time. They broke us up there so completely, that we moved away next spring and came to Georgia. After we got to this State, we settled down on Big Kiokee Creek, in Richmond county, about twenty-two miles above

Augusta, and one mile from where Columbia Court House now stands. Some years after this, parts of Richmond and Wilkes were taken, out of which a new county was made, called Columbia.

In 1786, not long after we moved to Georgia, I was drafted to go against the Indians, who were then very troublesome between the Ogeeche and the Oconee rivers. They got so bad in robbing and killing the people, that quite a large company was raised to go out against them and bring them to order. I was then but seventeen, and a hard birth I had while in the Camp. As to our fare, we had nothing else to eat but a little green beef, and some musty meal, and the meal not sifted at that. But this was not the worst of it. When we were coming home, it did seem that we lacked but little of starving to death; for we had scarcely any thing to eat for three

days. I remember that I gave a quarter of a dollar for a little bit of a nubbin of corn, this I parched, and I can tell you it tasted just about good enough. You that live in big, fine houses, and have so much nice clothes to put on, and so many good things to eat, know nothing at all about the hardships your old forefathers had to suffer.

While we were out on this expedition, Silas Mercer came to our camp and preached for us; but we poor fellows scarcely paid any attention to him. After I got back home, though, I went next Spring to the Kiokee meeting house, to hear Abraham Marshall. I never heard many sermons before this. Marshall took for his text the 12th verse of the 9th chapter of Zachariah: "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee." As I hinted, I had heard some preaching before, but never

had anything to trouble me like this Sermon. It took right hold of me, and I was greatly alarmed. It waked me up, and I was made to think about what I should do to be saved from my sins. Before I got back home, I went out into the woods and tried to pray that the Lord would have mercy upon me. But like poor sinners now-a-days, I soon got rid of my score, and my prayers and my cries went with it; so I got back to be the same thoughtless, careless fellow I was before.

CHAPTER II.

About this time, it seemed good to me, and I trusted to the Lord, that I should change my relation for life. With this view, I looked around me, to see whom I could find to be partaker with me of my joys and sorrows. By the tender mercy of my Heavenly Father, my eyes were

turned upon Ruth Cobb, a nice young girl, who lived not far from my father's. Accordingly, in the month of November, 1787, we were married, and henceforth became one in interest and affection. Let no one make light of what I said about the mercy of the Lord, for you remember the wise man says: "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." Do any, then, read these lines who are perplexed about this thing? Go to the Lord, my friend, and ask counsel of him.

From this time I bid farewell to my father's house, and went forth to try my fortune in the great world. My wife was poor, and so was I; she had been raised in the country, and so had I; so by mutual consent we settled ourselves down about two miles from father's, and commenced the honorable business of cultivating the soil. And it was worth cultivating in those days, for we then had some-

thing else besides old red hills, full of gullies, and worn out old fields, fit for nothing. Would that Georgians would stop going to Texas, and try to redeem our State from the curse of barrenness which rests upon so many portions of it.

Having started out in life, we tried as hard as we could to make a living. From day to day I worked away, splitting rails, clearing up ground, plowing and chopping and hoeing, &c., while my wife was equally diligent in her department—attending to such things as milking the cows, raising poultry, cooking, washing, spinning, weaving, &c., &c. I tell you what, the girls of those days were none of your little-waisted, peak-fingered, painted-faced consumptives. No, sir! And they were not run crazy after so many little notions and fixings, and muffles, and ruffles, and whalebones, and barrel-hoops, like the poor, delicate, little misses now-a-days. Oh no, not they!

They were nice, hearty, smart, quick-footed, and rosy-cheeked; and they were not afraid of work, that's more. They could wash, iron, scour, get dinner, milk cows, raise chickens, and ducks, and turkeys, and, then, in a tight squeeze, they could go out into the fields and help hoe corn, or gather in the wheat. Ah, my daughters, you had better quit all your finakin notions, and go out and learn how to bake bread and boil the pot. You don't know what you may come to before you die. And you young gentlemen that think you are too smart, or too rich, or too good-looking to work; who spend your time going about over the settlement, wearing kid gloves, and high heel boots, and broadcloth coats, smoking cigars, and gallanting the ladies; you had better stop all such as that, and learn how to do something. Most of your fathers had to follow the plow-handle, and you are no better than they; and even if they didn't

you may have to do it yet, or something worse, unless you turn over a new leaf, and try to live for some purpose. Now, because I tell you this, don't go and turn doctors, just because you can make nothing else out of yourselves; we have a plenty of them already, such as they are.

But let me return. For several years after my marriage, my feelings, in respect to religion were not much excited; sometimes I would become troubled because of my sins, but these troubles would soon wear off. So things went on until the year 1792; this year I got greatly stirred up in view of my sinfulness. Being very uneasy about my case, and being in great want of knowledge, I concluded to invite ministers to come and preach at my house, that I might gain some instruction. Among others, several Methodist ministers used to hold meetings with me, for myself and neighbors. I

heard them quite often, and liked them very much, for all sorts of preachers could teach me about that time. I was very ignorant as to my soul, and did not know how to get rid of my sins ; as a heavy burden they were too heavy for me, and seemed about to crush me to the earth. My trouble was very great ; and instead of getting clear of it, it appeared to grow worse and worse, until the year 1798. This year, my health becoming feeble, I went to some warm springs in North Carolina, to see if they would do me any good. While there, I heard a man from Tennessee. His preaching affected me very much, and I was made to reflect still more upon my case, and to cry to the Lord for mercy. I got so bad off on account of my sins, that when I came back home, I became a close attendant on preaching. Instead of getting better, I got worse ; so I thought I would go with Marshall every Saturday

and Sunday to his meeting, to see if I could find some relief. But no! there was no help for poor me; I got worse and worse, so that I fell into a great despair, and thought the Lord would never pardon me, but that I must die in my sins and be for ever lost. I became so much troubled that I could not relish my daily food; I could not rest day nor night; sleep went from mine eyes, and slumber from mine eye-lids. Thus I went on very much bowed down in soul, until the month of May, 1799. One morning in that beautiful month, I went out to plowing very soon, telling my dear wife, that I would not be home to breakfast that day. Everything looked gloomy and desolate unto me, but yet I went on plowing, meditating upon my sad condition, and thinking what I must do to be saved. While I was thus in deep distress, all of a sudden, about the middle of the day, something, like a flash of lightning

came all in me and around me ; and I had such a view of the fulness and beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the worth of his pardoning mercy and love to a poor sinner like me, that I broke out in a great cry of joy and praise. I immediately took out my horse and went to the house as quick as I could, and told my dear wife what had happened unto me. There was such a change in my heart, and all things wore such a beauty and light about me, that it appeared to me I was in a new world. It seemed to me, too, that I did not want to stay here any longer ; so I put my horse into the stable and run, yes I run—run like a little deer down to Abraham Marshall's, about three miles off ; and told him how I had found the Lord in my corn-field, about middle-way my corn row ; that he revealed himself to me as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, so that my soul was full of love, and I wanted everybody

to know and feel as I did. Marshall seemed to be very glad and said to me, "You must come and join the church." But that was too much for me just then ; for before I got back home my joy and love began to die away, so that I was afraid I might be mistaken. While I was thus troubled with doubts and fears I went to Poplar Springs meeting-house, near Little River, where I heard a man by the name of James Landrews. His text was, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." While he was preaching, the love of God flowed into my heart so much, that I thought I never would doubt any more, for I felt that I had the witness in my soul, because I loved the people of the Lord. I thought therefore, if the preacher told the truth, I must be a converted man ; so I rejoiced in the Lord with great joy, and went back home in great hopes of my real conver-

sion and acceptance with the blessed Saviour.

Now it came to pass, that a little after this, I went to meeting at Red's Creek ; but some how or other, the preaching did not seem to do me much good. When, however, the door of the Church was opened, a woman came forward, and in telling the dealings of God with her soul, came so near relating my own case, that I was much confirmed, and felt it to be my duty to come out and join the congregation of the Lord. But after this woman was received, there came forward another to join ; she had belonged to a Church in South Carolina, but had no letter from it. Brother Savage, who was pastor of the Church, said take her in, but the Church said no. Savage then proposed to the woman to tell her experience for the satisfaction of the brethren, but she said she had forgotten it. This alarmed me somewhat, for I was afraid

that the poor woman had never had any true experience to tell, and that I was in the same fix. The next morning, though, when the woman, who had been received, was baptized, I was so fired up with the hope that I was really converted, that I wanted to go right down into the water then. So I told some of the brethren that I meant to join the next meeting at Kiokee.

I had a good many doubts and glooms before the time came round, and after I came to meeting I had hard work to get the resolution to come forward and tell the people what the Lord had done for me. But the Good One helped me and gave my strength; so I got up and told the brethren and sisters everything, and they received me with much joy. On the following day, which was the third Sabbath in August, 1801, I went down into the water, in imitation of my blessed Master, and was baptized by Elder Abraham

Marshall. My dear wife, who had been under conviction for some time, was baptized at the same place, and by the same person. about six months afterward. Praise the Lord. Amen!

CHAPTER III.

Having connected myself with the people, of God, and having, as I hoped, passed from death unto life, my soul looked forward to greater attainments in piety. I did not, as many have done, sit down contentedly after my baptism, as though I had done enough. No, with all my short comings and failures, I hope I did not have this one too. I tried, in some humble way, to imitate the great Apostle to the Gentiles, when he said, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching

forth unto those things which are before ; I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Young converts, you who have just left the waters of baptism and are yet full of your first love, take the language of the Apostle for your own. Do not think that your task is done, and your labors over. You have but just begun your christian course ; run, therefore, with patience, the race that is set before you, looking to Christ the author and finisher of your faith. Do not think the victory won ; you have but just commenced that great struggle which must be carried on until death calls you home. Quit yourselves, then, like men—fight the good fight of faith—lay hold on eternal life.

In considering my condition after my baptism, I found myself to be in great want of knowledge, both spiritual and mental. My advantages in early life had been very bad, having never gone to

school but about two months. Thus my youth, the season for improvement, passed away, and left me almost entirely uneducated. After growing up to manhood, the care of a growing family early engrossing my time and attention, but little opportunity or inclination was left for the culture of my mind. But having cast my lot in with God's children I looked about to see in what way I could best serve my blessed master. Finding that I was so very ignorant, I thought I had better begin with myself. Accordingly I worked hard in the day to obtain a support for my family, and at night I would sit up and read and study by pine-knot fires. In this way I improved myself a great deal. But I lacked spiritual knowledge very much also. To get this, I tried to attend all the meetings in reach of me. In order to go to meeting on Saturday, I would labor very hard, so as to finish my week's work by Friday evening.

Frequently I have had to walk to attend preaching; I have gone in this way as much as eight miles, and often as much as five and six. This, however, I did not mind. I wanted to know more about my blessed Saviour—more about that wonderful grace of God, that saved a wretch like me—more about that rich and glorious inheritance which awaits the saints in heaven.

But though I began with myself, I hope I did not stop there. Looking around upon my friends, and neighbors, and acquaintances, my heart almost bled as I thought how many, many of them, were hastening on in the road to death. I felt myself moved to lift up my voice aloud; and call upon them to stop, think, and turn unto the Lord. But who was I that I should stand up and speak as an ambassador for God? Nothing but a poor, ignorant creature, and a babe in Christ. I was afraid that I would bring reproach

upon my master, and do his cause no good. But nevertheless, I could not be easy ; I felt continually pressed in spirit to testify unto the people, that Jesus Christ was the only name given under heaven, among men, whereby they could be saved. I wanted to tell them of their lost and undone condition in a state of nature—of that tremendous punishment which God would pour out upon the finally impenitent, and of that blessed and glorious way of escape, which had been provided by the death of a crucified Redeemer.

Feeling this way I commenced by holding prayer meetings about at different houses in the neighborhood, wherever I could collect the people together. In this manner I spent a good deal of time, singing and praying with the people, exhorting christians to love and good works, and calling upon poor sinners to fly for their lives. In the meantime I went

about as much as I could with Jesse Mercer and Abraham Marshall to their meetings, in which way I learned a great deal in respect to the doctrines and truths of the Bible. The most of my knowledge of the teachings of the Scriptures, I got from the lips of these great and good men. Would that we had men like them at the present day. But alas! the Mercers, and the Marshalls, and the Armstrongs have passed away from earth, and but few possessing their zeal, and activity, and courage, have arisen in their places to fight the battles of the Lord.

The first appointment which I ventured to make for preaching was at Zachariah Marshall's, one Sabbath evening. Many came out to hear what I might have to say, and among others, brother Marshall, my father in the Gospel, came also. I gathered up what strength I could, read a part of a chapter and lectured on a particular verse. But I was not able to stand

up long ; it seemed that all my thoughts left me, so that I was not able to do much more than repeat over my text. After I had sat down, Marshall got up, and smoothed over my blunder, and made everything fit out very well. But notwithstanding that, I felt so badly that I thought I would make no more appointments, nor did I for some time.

About this time, Lorenzo Dow, a sort of wild man, came through the country preaching. His first appointment in our neighborhood, was at Columbia Court House. A great many people went out to hear him ; so I thought I would go too. Dow was a great curiosity in almost every way. He wore, at this time, an old, half-red over-coat, with an Indian belt around his loins. He did not wear a hat, but had his head tied up with a handkerchief. Coming into the house, he sat down by the fireplace for a few minutes, and then, all of a sudden, jumped up and

cried out, "What will this babler say?" "Those that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." This was his text, and his talk was much every way, for it appeared to me to run from Britain to Japan, and from the torrid to the frigid zone. His preaching drew together great crowds—not because they were anxious to hear the word of God, but because they wanted to gratify their vain curiosity with the odd ways, and sayings, and doings of this man. What a pity that poor blind men and women will run wild after novelties, and shows, and circuses—while they pass by the plain, common-sense preaching of the blessed Gospel!

Just here I will tell a couple of anecdotes, showing some of my early trials in the ministry, as well as the state of society at this time in reference to brandy-drinking. This might truly have been called, the age of Brandy. People may

say what they please about the "good old times" that used to be when they were young. I will talk about them too, but then, I shall not praise them up any how, even when they do not deserve it. True, they were good, very good in some things, but in others, bad, very bad. In those days, almost every body was in the habit of drinking, the young and the old, the high and the low, the great and the small, the rich and the poor, professor and non-professor, christian and sinner, all would drink, and what is more, a heap of them got drunk into the bargain. At musters, courts, elections, and in fact, almost all public gatherings, the bottle was certain to show its black face; and the people hardly ever broke up without some of them having broken noses, red eyes, snag-gled teeth, or bit fingers. But now things have changed. The bright sun of Temperance has risen upon the country, and these dark scenes of iniquity and sin have

mostly skulked away from the light and hid themselves in the obscure corners and holes of society. Habitual liquor-drinking has long since been banished from among decent, refined, and christian people, and is now mostly confined to that poor, miserable class which hangs about bar-rooms and doggeries—those foul, filthy, abominable plague-spots, which pollute our country. True, a good many of what are called the “big men” of our land, still hold on to the bottle; but poor fellows! they are to be pitied, and our country, which has such men for rulers, is to be pitied a great deal more. May the good Lord, of his mercy, save us from such rulers! But to my story:

In the year 1805, I had an appointment down on Red’s Creek, and in going, I was to pass by brother Beal’s. His wife being sick, he asked me to light, and come in, and make prayer for her. Now, so it was, that three men were there, who

were brandy-drinkers, and who, at that time, were pretty smartly in their cups. I said to Beal, "bring these men to order, if you can." He did so, and they came to the door. I then gave out a hymn, and sung, and went to prayer. After I got up from my knees, one of the men by the name of C——, asked me to walk out with him a little piece. I did so. Then said he to me, "show me that hymn you sung, you rascal! for you picked out that hymn on purpose to throw some reflections on my brother." This brother of his, mind you, had just killed a man away up near Petersburg on the Savannah River. So this fellow cursed and abused me very much, and said he was a good mind to stamp me into the ground. He rubbed his fist in my face, and told me to go home and learn my lesson better. Thus he was going on, ripping, and snorting, and cutting up his shines, when Beal bid him go home, and never put his foot into

his house again. Upon this, C—— went back into the house, and stumbled backwards and forwards across the floor, and swore he would stay as long as he pleased, and say what he pleased. I never got mad, but bore with him very patiently. This was, however, a hard trial upon me, as I had not a great while before turned my back upon the world, and was still very much troubled with my own weakness and sinfulness.

Not long after this, being with Marshall at one of his appointments over in Lincoln, a man by the name of Robert Walton, invited me to go and preach at his house. Being always willing to do any thing, by which I might benefit poor souls, or glorify my dear Master, I readily consented. Accordingly, when the time appointed rolled round, I took brother Leonard Steed, who was then a member of the Kiokee Church, and started for the place. Our idea was, to go to

Walton's on Saturday evening, so as to be ready for meeting on the next day. Always having regarded Walton as a man of correct principles and good habits, you may judge of our surprise, when on riding up to the house, we found that quite a crowd had gathered, and were drinking and carousing at a round rate. I was very much cut down in mind right upon the spot, and was sorry that I had ever made the appointment. Night came on, but these drinking fellows still staid, and still kept up their whooping and bawling, to the great annoyance of brother Steed and myself. Walton did not do much better than the rest, for he kept his door open till very late, at last, however, he came in and called for supper. The family had already eaten supper and forgot, and were then ready for bed. No sooner had W. sat down to supper, than there came three or four men, bolting in and crying out for more whisky. They

railed and swore about for some time, saying that they must have more to drink, but getting nothing, they finally went off. By this time, I was sunk so low down in spirits that I could hardly hold up my head ; I felt that I had got into the wrong berth, and longed to be away from such an uncomfortable place. So, when the men had gone away, Walton called upon me to go about prayer. I did the best I could, and went to bed. But I did not rest much, I was so troubled in my very soul, that my sleep departed from me. That night it rained very hard, and the rain holding on the next day, broke up our meeting. Starting off for home, and having come to little River, we found that very high on account of the rains. Brother Steed, having a large, strong horse, ventured over, but I was afraid to do so, my horse being much smaller. Left thus alone, I went up the river to a good brother's, by the name of Walker. I hal-

loed, and he came to my relief, and getting me a boat, carried me over the river. When I got across on the Columbia side, I felt so glad, that I thanked my good brother very much, and pulled off my hat and bid farewell to Lincoln. I had made such a poor out, that I was glad to get back into my old range. It was a good while before I had the courage to cross over Little River.

CHAPTER IV.

By this time, I began to find that ministers have their trials, as well as other men. But I did not turn back. Though not set apart by ordination to the full work of the ministry until several years after, I felt myself wholly given up to this good cause. I did not think myself qualified for the duties of a Pastor, and never have thought so; but still I was able

to proclaim the good news of Salvation through faith in the precious blood of Christ. Accordingly, I gave myself up to the work of an Evangelist. I went throughout the country, singing and praying with the people, exhorting professors to walk worthy of their high vocation, and beseeching poor sinners to fly for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel. I went sometimes to private houses—sometimes to the meetings of my brethren, and sometimes, to destitute places where the name of Christ was seldom or never heard. In this way, I humbly hope that I was enabled to do at least some little good. We often had very interesting meetings—sinners were frequently made to weep because of their sins, and Christians to rejoice in the glorious hopes of the Cross of Christ.

I recollect one place in particular, as connected with my early labors in the ministry. It was in the neighborhood of old

Greenwood meeting house in Lincoln county. There had once been a Church there; but the brethren and sisters were then scattered and dead together, and their house had rotted down. I began my toils in an old field, with a few clapboards placed upon some forks for a pulpit, and the blue walls of the sky for a temple. I labored here two full years. When I left them they had a snug house of worship, fine congregations, and withal a fine state of feeling. Abraham Marshall was called to the Pastorship.

About this time, I commenced the practice, which I have kept up more or less until this day, of making preaching tours throughout the country. Sometimes, I went by myself, but most generally, I had a good brother to go along with me. In these rounds we would visit a great many destitute places and dark corners, where the glad news of the Gospel was rarely heard, and there preach Jesus Christ and

him crucified. It was my custom to make at least one of these rounds every year, and sometimes I was enabled to make two. After laying by my crop in the summer I then felt free to go abroad and preach the Gospel. Some people may tell me that I had better have remained at home, and spent my time in taking care of my family. But my family was not helpless. My wife was not ashamed to work, and I had some fine hearty sons who knew well how to guide the plow and wield the hoe. And besides they urged me to go out into the country round about, and preach to the people, telling me that they could do what was necessary without me. When thus my wife and children were urging me, and the impulses of my own heart were urging me, and the sad condition of poor lost men and women was calling upon me, how could I stay at home! Who was I that I should turn a deaf ear to all these voices,

and let poor sinners go on down to death? Ah! you fault-finder, I know that I was ignorant, I know that I was slow of speech and of a stammering tongue, I know that my blunders often made mirth for the people; but notwithstanding all this, I hope the good Lord was pleased to make me instrumental in doing at least some little good here in his vineyard, and I trust that heaven is even now ringing with the glad voices of some whom the kind Father saw fit to save through my weak, sinful labors. I will just mention one or two instances :

Happening to be at Red's Creek meeting house on one of their conference days, a woman came forward to join, whom I remembered having seen at one of my appointments about three years before, and who at that time seemed much concerned about her soul. The minister having requested her to state the dealings of God with her, she stated in substance the fol-

lowing : “About three years ago, preacher Perryman came down and preached a funeral at old Mr. Clanton’s, and when he was about winding up, he called out, and said to me, ‘Madame, prepare to meet thy God.’ The arrow thus shot at a venture, sunk deep into my heart, and I was then struck under conviction. I became very much distressed in thinking about what a great sinner I had been against God, and how poorly prepared I was to meet him. From that time until this, I have been more or less troubled about my soul’s salvation. About three weeks ago, I hope the Lord was found precious to me in believing, I being enabled to put my trust in the blessed Saviour. And now that the Lord has had mercy upon me, I want to come out and profess him before the world, and be baptized as was my dear Redeemer before me.” This is the substance of what was said, and after they received her, the

dear woman came to me, and took hold of my hand, and threw her arm around my neck, and said she thanked the Lord that he ever sent me to preach to her soul. Thus I was made to rejoice in God and to magnify my Saviour, because a poor, unworthy creature like me was made the humble, yet honored, instrument of touching with genuine conviction the heart of a single person.

I could mention others, but one more must suffice. There was a young man within my acquaintance, who, though of pious parentage, was exceedingly wild and thoughtless. He cared but little either for religion, or its ministers. Full of fun and fashion, he seemed to be wholly averse to the humiliating and self-denying doctrines of the Cross. This young man was particularly fond of ridiculing my attempts at preaching; my many errors and blunders were to him the source of a great deal of merriment. Now it

came to pass that I was preaching upon a certain occasion, when he was present. Though knowing his disposition to make fun of me, I did not refrain from speaking, but declared the truth with all my might and strength. The spirit of the Lord helped me, and took my words and carried them in power to the young man's heart; so that, so far from mocking as he had done at former times, he was much wrought upon, and got up from his seat and came hastily to the pulpit, and cried out and fell upon his knees, calling upon me to pray for him. His criticisms upon my poor efforts at preaching, were stopped from that day, and not long afterwards he joined the church at Kiokee. Now who was this? It was no other than Jabez Pleiades Marshall, a name quickly recognized by many who will read these pages. About two years after his baptism, Jabez entered the work of the ministry, and soon rose to a considerable eminence

among Georgia Baptists. Often we have traveled together, and preached together, sung together, and prayed together; and I humbly hope, that the time is not a great way off, when we shall enjoy together the bright and glorious realities of the heavenly world. For upwards of twenty years, he has, as I trust, been rejoicing in the delights of that pleasant place, while I still linger upon the shores of time. But this corruptible of mine must soon put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality; when thus death is swallowed up in victory, I hope that through the merits of my dear Redeemer, I shall be permitted to become a companion of this holy man of God, and with him drink endless pleasure from the crystal waters of the river of life. May the good Lord grant it, is my prayer. Amen.

These instances I mention, but there are others; and I hope that eternity will be able to tell of still greater things than

these, than the unbelieving and scoffing may marvel. Let no one say that we traveled thus throughout the country for the sake of money. The places where we went, will tell what our object was. We did not confine our labors to those places which were occupied by the rich; no, far from it. We went out into the high-ways, and hedges, where the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind, might be found, and called upon them to come to the Gospel feast. We often went into communities, where but few of the people had beds to lie upon. Often have I slept upon dirt floors—sometimes upon a few hard boards—sometimes upon deer-skins, and then again, upon cow-hides, with no pillow but our own clothes, or some old rags. But we did not mind hard beds and coarse fare, so long as the people were willing to hear the gospel. We came not to seek theirs, but them. We came to tell them of the glad news of re-

demption through a crucified and risen Saviour; and often were our hearts made glad by the happy results of our efforts.

Sometimes in our travels, sickness came upon us; so that far away from families and friends, and surrounded only by strangers, we were chilled with ague and scorched with fevers; but the Lord had mercy upon us, and delivered us out of all our afflictions. I recollect that upon one occasion, being in the town of Sunbury, I was there taken sick; and the people seeing that I was a stranger, and fearing that I had some contagious disease, took me and carried me far away from any dwelling, and put me into an old wash house, outside of town. They sent a doctor out there to see me, and wanted me to take some of his "hippo," as he called it. I told him that I was hipt enough already, and that I did not want to take his medicine. But he said it would be better for me to take it; so I took some, and

got up again. Whether this doctor's fixture had anything to do with my getting up, I do not know ; but one thing I know, and that is, that the tender mercy of the good Lord was the real cause of my being raised from that sickness. And he it is that has been my support and my stay, for lo ! these many years—he it is, that has been my nurse in the time of disease, my comforter in time of distress, my protector in the hour of adversity, my refuge from the storms which howl across this wicked earth—and he it is, as I humbly hope, who will go down with me into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and who will, at last, bear me in safety through the swelling waves of Jordan. Therefore “I will bless the Lord at all times : his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord : The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. Oh ! magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.”

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.” Hallelujah! Praise ye the name of the Lord! Amen!

CHAPTER V.

In the early part of January, 1810, I moved into Warren county, and settled in the woods, on Big Brier Creek, not far from Sweet-Water meeting house. Changing my home brought me into the neighborhood of some very destitute sections. In some of these places, the people seemed to be in greater want of gospel light and

knowledge, than any I had ever seen before. The preaching of the Gospel was such a strange thing to many of them, that they came out to meeting finely. The good Lord was with me; and I would thunder the law down upon them with all my might and power. Many of them became alarmed, and seemed to think they ought to do better than they had before. I had no house to preach in for a great while, except when there would be meeting at private houses. Finally, however, there was a meeting house built, and that too, in one of the darkest corners in the county, and not long after, a church was constituted. Thus these dark and heathenish places were cheered by the rays of the glorious Sun of Righteousness. Oh, that the Lord may carry on his good work, until the whole world, from pole to pole, shall be filled with the knowledge of his glory, as the waters cover the Sea! But I did not confine my labors to one

section of the country ; as my custom had been before, I went from place to place, wherever destitution abounded. I often went down through the counties of Montgomery, and Emanuel, and Tatnall, and Bulloch, and there, in those then destitute regions, lifted up the Saviour's banner, and called upon poor sinners to ground the arms of their rebellion, and come and gather around it. Sometimes I would make a tour through the counties of Richmond, Burke, Jefferson, and Scriven, mingling with my beloved brethren and sisters, and singing and praying with the people. At other times, I would go about among the counties above me, and then again, among the counties out West ; and sometimes again, I would take rounds through South Carolina, all up and down the Savannah river. In short, I had no particular place to visit ; every where that poor dying men and women lived, I wanted to go. As I said before, I often met

with trials, and crosses, and privations ; but I tried to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, feeling with the Apostle, that these light afflictions, which were to endure but for a moment, would work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory.

Now it came to pass, that not long after moving into Warren county, a war broke out between this country and Britain; and of this I need not speak, for my readers likely know more about it than I do. Towards the close of the war, my son James was drafted into a company, which was to go down for the defence of Savannah. A good ministering brother of my acquaintance, Manning by name, had a son in the same company. Our sons being thus taken far away from us, and exposed to every kind of evil influence, it seemed good to us to pay them a visit—it being our intention to preach along on the road, as we had opportunity.

During this trip, after riding once all day through the rain and cold, we came to an old brother Belcher's, where we intended to stay all night. It was nearly dark when we called; the old brother came out and told us he had made but a short crop of corn, and consequently, he could not take us in, but that we must go on further. Accordingly, on we went, but had gone but a little ways, when he halloed out after us, and wanted to know who we were. Manning spoke out in a loud voice, "Perryman and Manning." "Come back, come back," said the old man, "why did you not tell me who you were?" So we came back and staid with him. The first good chance I got, I had something to say about not being "forgetful to entertain strangers," &c. The old brother appeared to feel it a good deal; and seemed disposed, after that, to make amends by his kind attentions for his former want of hospitality.

We got to Savannah in the latter part of December, and staid with the army until the news came about General Jackson's great victory at New Orleans. There was wonderful rejoicing among the soldiers, on hearing of this battle. The camps were all brilliantly illuminated by putting lighted candles in the muzzles of the muskets; and such singing, and shouting, and returning of thanks, you never heard. Before leaving the army, we had some very good meetings with the troops—these were solemn times, and a fine state of feeling.

While the war with England was going on, there were felt, in various parts of the country, several very severe earthquake shocks. These shocks were felt on different occasions, sometimes more severe than at others. Once during this earthquake period, brother George Franklin and myself were carrying on a meeting at the house of a man named Parker.

The meeting lasted until late at night, and several of the congregation remained in the house, as well as ourselves. Just after we had laid down, and before the lights were out, the earth began to shake very powerfully, when some of the dear young people jumped out of their beds, and run all in a tremble to Franklin and myself, and cried out for us to pray for them. But other people were scared besides these young folks; all over the country, the old and the young, the black and the white, were very much frightened; for they thought that, perhaps, the Day of Judgment was about to come, and they knew they were not prepared for it. From all this scare throughout the country much good resulted; for a great revival of Religion took place not long after, and many that were converted dated their first impressions back to the Earthquake. So much for that.

And now, my young friends that read

this, youths and maidens of Georgia, don't you laugh at these folks I have been talking about, because they got so badly scared; for if I was amind to do it, I could tell some tales just as bad about some of you. For instance, I understand, that not a great while since, a whole parcel of you collected together in an old School House; and while you were going on there singing away in a great glee, and carrying it on at a high rate, lo! and behold, a big hail storm came upon you, and beat away on your poor little house so hard, that it lacked but little of scaring some of you out of your senses. And then they say, you all got to crying, and trembling, and praying to the Lord for mercy, and promising to do better. Ah! my friends, if you let a hail storm scare you so, what will you do in that great and dreadful day, when God, the Almighty Jehovah of Hosts, shall arise to shake terribly the earth?—when the sun

shall become black as sack-cloth of hair, and the moon shall be as blood?—when the stars of Heaven shall fall to the earth, and the Heaven shall depart as a scroll, and every mountain and every island shall be moved out of their places?—when the Kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free-man, shall hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and shall say to the rocks and to the mountains, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath has come, and who shall be able to stand? What, oh! what, my dear young friends, ye youthful travelers to eternity, what will you do, when this awful and terrible day shall come upon you? Let me, then, beseech you, and pray you, and exhort you, prepare, O prepare, now, now, to meet your God! Amen!

CHAPTER VI.

Now it came to pass, in the early part of the fall of 1816, that the Sarepta Association met at Van's Creek, about seven miles from Elbert Court House. And it seemed good to Jabez P. Marshall and myself, to go up and meet with the brethren. A Methodist Camp Meeting had been held near the place, and had just broke up, and a goodly number of the people who came to the Association, were not yet cold from the warning they got at the Camp Meeting. As is usual at our Associations, while business was going on in the house, religious services were conducted at the stand. But we could not make much of an out at preaching, there was so much excitement among the people. We would try to preach, and try hard, but our voices, though strong and high, would be drowned in the songs and shouts of triumph and of joy, which rose

up from the congregation. I thought the men were stirred up pretty smartly, but women went away ahead of them. They took the lead, and halloed out and exhorted much more than the men—some crying, some singing, some shouting, some praying, and so they went. It was impossible to bring them to order. I am a great hand at setting people to rights, but I could do nothing at all here. It seemed that the people got so full of the love, and joy, and peace of the Holy Spirit, that if they did not burst forth in praising and magnifying God, that the very stones would cry out. I had hard work to keep Jabez from killing himself, in his enthusiastic way, with all his wild fire. Like the Apostle Paul, as he had been a blasphemer of God, and a great injurer of the cause of Christ, so now, he wanted to do all in his power to exhalt the name of the Lord, and to advance the triumphs of the Redeemer's King-

dom. After four days, this wonderful meeting broke up. In all my travels and journeying, I had never seen such a meeting before. I thought it ought to be called, all sorts of a meeting—a Baptist-Methodist Camp Meeting Association. So much for that.

About this time, I was moved to go over and preach the Gospel in the Alabama territory, where persons had begun to settle since General Jackson's treaty with the Indians. So four of us united, and went in company. We set out about the last of August, 1818, and traveled through the wilderness which then lay between the Ocmulgee and Flint Rivers. We had a dreary time in going through this uninhabited region; for several nights we had to lie in the woods, with the earth for our bed, the darkness for our curtains, and for our lullaby the barking of the foxes, the howling of the wolves, and the roaring of the tall forest trees. After several days of

tedious travel, we got to Fort Jackson, where were a few people, and some two or three stores. It was Sunday evening when we rode up; and though there were present but a few men, a few boys, and some four or five negroes, yet, there was a great fuss. They were all playing away at a high rate, some doing one thing, some another. Some were pitching dollars, some jumping, some running, some drinking, and some doing a little of every thing, and so they had it. Our horses being put up, I spoke out, and said to the Innkeeper, "Sir, I want to preach to these people." "Right now?" says he. "Yes, now, before supper." So he made ready for preaching; and I called the people to order, and read a portion of the scriptures and made such remarks as I hoped were appropriate to the time, and place, and people. The folks paid great attention; and amongst others, the Innkeeper came up to be prayed for, and seemed much

affected. After supper, he took me in his room, and talked with me a good deal, and confessed what he had been, and what he then was; and he cried very much. He said that he once belonged to a Baptist Church, but had since gone far away into folly and sin. Ah! how many of the present day, were once, like this poor man, fair professors of Christ's name! They once seemed to be in the way to heaven—they met with the people of God, and united in singing the songs of Zion. But now, where are they? Answer me, ye grog-shops, and ball-rooms, and race-paths, and show-grounds, and bawdy houses, which bedarken our land. Alas! they are far, far away from the fold of Christ—wandering about over this sinful world, seeking its vanities, and frivolities, and amusements—blaspheming, perhaps, the holy name of God, doing despite to the spirit of His grace, and trampling the precious blood of the Son of God under

their unhallowed feet ! O ye backsliders, ye reprobates, ye disgracers of the name of Christ, and reproachers of His blessed cause, forsake your evil ways, and thoughts, and doings, and return unto the Lord, for He will have mercy upon you, and unto our God, for He will abundantly pardon. No longer, then, remain in the open field of disobedience and rebellion, but repent, turn, lest the Lord suddenly come upon you in His anger and sore displeasure, and cut you off, and there be none to deliver.

While at Fort Jackson, I heard that a few families had settled up the Tallapoosa River, in the horse-shoe bend, where a great victory had been gained over the Indians, a few years before. So it seemed good to me to go there, also, and preach the gospel. Leaving my company, therefore, I went in search of these families, and finally found them settled right upon the battle ground. So it came to pass,

that in the very place where Gen. Jackson drenched the earth with the blood of hostile Indians, while the Flag of our country waved in beauty over his victorious troops,—there I endeavored to lift up on high the peaceful Banner of the Cross, calling upon the people to come and wash their robes, and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. And so, also, where once were heard the roar of cannons, the din of muskets, and the clash of bayonet and sword, were now heard the gracious invitations of the gospel, while, instead of the sad groans of dying men which once greeted the ear, were now heard the cheerful songs of thanksgiving souls.

I returned to our company in the evening; and the next morning, we pursued our journey. Going along an Indian trail for about sixty miles, we came to the Falls of the Cahawba, where we found some eight or ten families. We waited until Sunday, and had a very pleasant

meeting with the people. But there was a poor man there, who was a cast-a-way Methodist, and he had embraced the schismatic principle. He came in contact with me about the doctrine of election; but he, poor fellow, soon got defeated. And the congregation greatly rejoiced therefor, and one dear old woman broke out in a shout, and said, "Thank the Lord, you have met with your match for once." I was but a poor ignorant man myself, but having the scripture on my side, it did not take me long to silence this fellow. My motto about all these hard doctrines is, "To the law and the testimony." God's word may contain many things, not only above my feeble comprehension, but above that of the greatest minds which ever lived; but is that any reason why I, who am but a creature of yesterday, and know nothing, should reject them? Certainly not. So then, although I cannot understand these great and wonderful doc-

trines of Election, Predestination, Foreordination, &c., yet they are in the Bible, and I will believe them. Away then, with the notion that I will believe nothing but what I can understand, it is as foolish, as it is sinful. Contradictory, eh? Do you not reckon it seems contradictory to the little child, that the moon and stars do not fall to the ground, as he sees every thing else do, which has nothing under it? But because this is contradictory according to the child's notions, does it follow, likewise, that the learned Professors in our Colleges look upon it thus? By no means. So it may be with us. We are children here, and cannot understand many things in God's word; but when the light of eternity shall burst upon us, I doubt not but that all these hard things will become plain as the day. I believe I will not stay in Alabama any longer; after going about a little more, we came back into Georgia.

About this time, or perhaps, a short

while before, I concluded to meet with my brethren of the Sunbury Association. And as Emanuel Court House lay on my route, concluded I would make an appointment at that place. It so happened, that court was to be held there the same day, though I did not know it, until I came on the ground. As there was no other building that would do for preaching, besides the Court House, and as a good many persons had come out for preaching, I sent to the Judge to know if we could have the use of it. The Judge said we could not, as there was nothing in the place, he said, for man or beast to eat, and that he wanted to hurry and get through the business, so that he might go on about ten miles further, and get some refreshment for himself and his horse. I then made proclamation out aloud, "All you dear brethren and friends that have come here to listen at preaching, just come away from the Court House about three hundred yards,

and take seats upon the wire-grass and we will try and speak to you the word of the Lord." Quite a number went with us; and while these were attending upon preaching, others about over the court ground were singing carnal songs, and drinking, and holloeing, and dancing, so that we had all sorts of carrying on at Emanuel Court House that day. I just thought I would mention this little incident, as one among many of my wire-grass adventures.

CHAPTER VII.

This chapter I will fill up in telling some incidents connected with my travels. I could tell a great many, a good portion of which would make much fun for the young people; I think, however, that when mirth-making ceases to be profitable, it also ceases to be lawful. Believing thus, I shall, in the main, confine myself to those

occurrences which may be thought of with profit. I shall begin by mentioning an instance in which prayer was blessed to the banishment of strife and division from a church, and to the consequent introduction of a precious revival of religion, and a gracious ingathering of souls.

Now it came to pass that a root of bitterness of some sort, had sprung up in the Church at Van's Creek, Elbert county, which seemed likely to destroy, to a great extent, its peace and prosperity. As is usual in such cases, the church was divided into two parties, each of which thought itself right, and the other wrong. The pastor, Dozier Thornton, a very fine old brother, was also involved in the unhappy affair. Things had themselves thus, when in the providence of God, I made an appointment for preaching with this church. I did not know a thing about their sad condition; but, notwithstanding, I was directed to a passage of scripture which met

their case precisely: "For the time is come that Judgment must begin at the house of God ; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" The brethren were so much struck with the suitability of the text, and of the following remarks, to their situation, that they showed a good deal of pleasure, and seemed to think that God had sent me there to make peace among them. So when conference was opened, they called upon me to take the moderator's chair ; but I said, No ! They still insisted, however, and finally got me into it. They then began telling their difficulties and troubles on both sides, each party trying to make out that the other was at fault. Thus they were going on, making it bad worse, when I stopped them, and told them they had better appoint a day for the special purpose of settling up their differences ; and that in the mean time, they select from the neighbor-

ing churches several discreet brethren, wise and of good report, that they might lend their assistance in the matter. The suggestion was readily agreed to, and a day appointed; and the church asked me to pick out those whom I thought suitable for the purpose in view—to which I assented.

Accordingly on the day fixed upon, I, and the brethren chosen, met agreeably to promise. The church all came out, and a great many people of the world also; for the state of things was well known in the community, and the unbelieving had taken sides, as well as the believing. Before having anything to do with the matter, we proposed to the brethren and sisters, that as this was a case which required much wisdom and prudence, and as these could be obtained only from above, that we all join in earnest and united prayer to Almighty God, that he would grant us the desires of our

hearts, showing us how to act, and bringing us once more into peace and harmony. After a season spent in prayer, in which, I trust, our souls were truly poured out in supplication, the whole matter was laid before myself and the brethren from the sister churches; and we, after consulting, came to the conclusion that both parties had done wrong. So after another season spent in praying that the good Lord would pardon all the wrong ways, and actions, and sayings, and doings of both parties, and grant unto all tender hearts and forgiving spirits, we called upon them to give one another the right hand of peace, and fellowship, and love, in the enjoyment of which graces and virtues, they had lived in former times. They did so; and then, there was truly a melting sight—a mutual, and cordial coming together of those who had been separated far asunder. All ill-will, and strife, and animosity, was at an end;

tears of joy and love flowed freely from many eyes, while the hearts of the brethren and sisters seem to run out in affection for each other. Not long after this, the Lord was pleased to visit this church with a gracious outpouring of his Holy Spirit. Christians had the flame of sacred love kindled afresh in their bosoms, and were made to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Sinners, poor blindfold, captive sinners, were convinced of their lost and ruined condition, and many of them, by the grace of God, were enabled to throw themselves into the arms of a crucified Redeemer.

And now, brethren, professing Christians, Baptists of Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, can we learn no useful lesson from the history of this church difficulty? Behold what a barren, dreary, lifeless condition, these brethren and sisters were in, as long as strife, and contention, and hard feeling, remained among them! Be-

hold, on the other hand, what a glorious season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, so soon as love and harmony prevailed! Now, then, brethren, wherever you are, scattered abroad throughout the country, what is the state of religion in your midst? Answer fully, and freely. Are your aspirations raised up towards Heaven? Are your affections entwined around the throne of God? Is your armor bright? Are your loins girded about, and your lamps burning? Is your faith strong—your hopes steadfast? Are your bosoms glowing with zeal for the glory and honor of your King, and your hearts longing and groaning for the conversion of souls? And are you receiving in answer to your prayers, and in consequence of God's blessing upon your efforts, your sons, and your daughters, your neighbors and your friends, as alive from the dead? If this be your condition, happy are ye. Listen, therefore, to the language of Him that

“holdeth the seven stars in His right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, who hath eyes like unto a flame of fire, and His feet are like fine brass.” “I know thy works, and charity, and service, and thy patience. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh, will I make a pillow in the temple of my God.” Go on your way, then, brethren, shouting and singing the praises of the God of your salvation.

But are there any among you, dear brethren, who can lay no claim to the happy estate above described? Are your aspirations and your affections earth-bound, groveling among the trash and filth of this world? Are your loins ungirded, and your lamps untrimmed? Is your armour rusted—your sword broken—your shield gone? Has your love become cold,

your faith weak—your zeal languid, and your hopes wavering? Are your sons and daughters, your relations, your servants, your acquaintances and friends, posting with hot haste the road to the death, and are you lukewarm, careless, unmoved, untouched? Oh, brethren, brethren, partakers of the Heavenly calling, and wearers of the badge of christianity, if this be your hapless case, consider well where you are, for sin lieth at the door. Something is wrong. The commands of the Saviour have not been obeyed. And besides other things, I fear that some root of bitterness has sprung up in your midst. You are not at peace among yourselves. Hard words, and perhaps still harder thoughts, are among you. Brother may be going to law with brother, and that before the unbelieving. Back-biting, and tale-bearing, it may be, have gained a foothold as citizens of your community. If these things be thus, brethren, do not

wonder that your condition, is so bad—only wonder that it is no worse. And now, let me entreat you begin, at once, the work of reformation—turn over a new leaf—reopen your long-closed closets—hunt up your neglected Bibles, and clear them of dust and cobwebs—break up the fallow ground of your hearts, that you may be prepared for the blessing of God—“and above all things, have fervent love among yourselves, for love shall cover the multitude of sins.” “Behold, how good and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head—as the dew of Hermon, that descended upon the mountains of Zion.”

I will now give you an account of a baptism, which I performed at night. What did you do it at night for? some one will ask. Wait, and I will tell you. I do not like to be interrupted. While brother John Blackston and myself were

preaching on a certain occasion, during a tour through some of the lower counties, I noticed, in the congregation, a woman weeping very much. I kept my eye upon her, and as she was going home, I said to her, "Madame, tell me what is your trouble." She quickly replied, and said: Some six or seven years ago, you preached at my father's house; and your preaching alarmed me very much, and I became anxious to know what I must do to be saved. I saw that I was a poor sinner, doomed to be lost, except I got help. So I cried to the Lord, and I hope he heard me, giving me peace and pardon through the blood of Jesus Christ. And now, I want to obey my master, go down into the water, and be baptized, and join myself to the number of his followers. But there is no church near me, so I do not know what to do." She spoke, in substance, as above, when I replied: "Well, that matter can be very easily arranged.

We have preaching to-night four miles on ahead; and now, do you go home, and get your clothes, and come to meeting, bringing your husband with you, and I will baptize you." She seemed very glad to hear this; and that night, sure enough, here she came, and her husband with her. After preaching, brother Blackston and myself, and a licensed minister who happened to be present, examined her as to the genuineness of her faith in Christ, and judging her to be truly regenerate, we could but say, "Can any man forbid water, that this woman should not be baptized, who has received the Holy Spirit as well as we?" So we, and several more persons, together with the candidate, started for the Creek which was about two miles from the place of meeting.

Though night, it was not dark; for the moon shown very brightly. After reaching the Creek, we both went down into

the water, as Philip and the Eunuch had done, nearly 1800 years before, and I baptized her; that is, dipped her, over head and ears, into the clear, smooth flowing stream—this, and only this, do I call baptism. O, but some one will say, sprinkling will do just as well. Ah, indeed, and who told you that? Did the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, just lay your finger on the place. Let me see it, and I will give the matter up, and agree to say no more about. Did the apostles tell you that sprinkling would do? If so, I am mum—I have nothing more to say. You know very well, just as well as I do, that the apostles, Peter, or Paul, or John, or any of the rest of them, said nothing at all which even came in a mile of such a notion. But I press the question upon you. Have you no reply? Well, I will tell you where you got your information. You got it from some of the old Fathers, who thinking that a water ceremony of

some sort was essential to salvation, were led to substitute sprinkling for immersion in the cases of those who were prevented by sickness, or other causes, from being plunged into the water. And thus, you are following in the track of the man of sin, performing his rites, and preaching his abominations. I do not like the idea of imitating men at all; but I think, if I were to do the like, I would try and have a little better pattern—yes, a good deal better.

Sprinkle a few drops of water upon the head! Pooh! you had just as well sprinkle on so much sand. But I will not reproach you; you have just as good a right to your opinion, as I have to mine. Still, however, I would charge you to look well to your conduct. In this day of gospel light and knowledge, for persons professing godliness to live in error, is a serious matter. Now, it seems as plain as day-light, that either you, or I, must be wrong. If I am right, you are wrong;

and if you are right, I am wrong. We do not stand upon the same platform. It becomes me, therefore, it becomes you, and it becomes every true child of God, to examine this thing well, and try and determine who is right. We should all imitate the Berians, that noble band of primitive christians, who searched the scriptures daily, to find out the truth, or falsity, of the doctrines they had heard. I know that some persons put off this matter, saying, that good and pious men believe their way, and therefore, they will not examine for themselves. I do not want to pin my faith to any body's coat tail. I hold, then, that every one should investigate for himself, and find out what the scriptures mean by baptism. This, I count, not only a duty, but a privilege.

When, after examining the Bible, we find out its teaching, we must act accordingly. Prejudice, or shame, or any such like thing, should have no influence

upon us whatever. If after we have given the subject an earnest and prayerful consideration, conscience says, Be sprinkled, we must obey, and that without a single word of rebellion. But if conscience says, Be immersed, however hard to the flesh, we had better not dare disobey. Do not tell me immersion is not essential to salvation, and then think to hide there. To refuse to obey a command of God, because we think he will not turn us out of Heaven therefor, shows a spirit that is not like Christ's. Your language, except I be a false diviner, amounts to this: "If I thought immersion was essential to salvation, I would start off for the creek right away; but not thinking thus, I mean to put up with sprinkling, although I do not candidly and honestly believe it is according to the Bible." Do these words become a true christian? Ah, no. With him, the inquiry should ever be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

And being told, he should go straight and do it, without asking whether he can get to Heaven without it, or not. While, therefore, receiving the ordinance of baptism according to the Lord's appointment, may not, in itself, be essential to salvation, yet, I do think, that it is essential to obedience; and what christian is there who wants to walk in known disobedience?—in known opposition to a divine command? Is there one? I fear, awfully fear, that the christianity of such a one exists in profession only. At any rate, if I thought my dear Saviour and Redeemer went down into the water, and was there immersed, and that he told me to do likewise, it does seem to me, that nothing short of roping, or chaining, or some such thing, could keep me out on dry land. Into the water I would go; at least, so I think.

But let all the above be as it may. I baptized the dear woman in the creek,

after which, we both came up out of the water, she to go on her way rejoicing, as did the Eunuch of old, and I to write a letter to the Buckeye Church, stating the fact of her baptism upon a profession of faith in Christ. Others had joined that church before, in the same way.

A baptism at night ! This puts one in mind of the baptism of the Jailor and his household, at Philippi. Some think that it is not reasonable to suppose that the Jailor would have taken the trouble to go away off to the river, (which might not have been fifty steps distant,) or even to a bath under his own roof, or that of the prison in order to be baptized. Now I do not take it, that I, or this woman either, possessed more zeal for Christ than did those early christians ; and yet we took the trouble to go two miles to a creek, and that too, in the silent hours of the night. Trouble ! Who ought to think about trouble in obeying a precept of the

Saviour's ? Look at what he has suffered for us, and then shall we not undergo a little trouble for the sake of obeying him ? O yes, surely, surely. Amen.

I will now tell of some little adventures which I have had with dram-drinkers. It will be remembered that I have already mentioned some of this kind ; it will not hurt, however, to bring to light a few more, if we will but rightly consider them. Now, I do not want any one to think that I look upon liquor men as the lowest class of society ; I do not think they are, except in some instances—and these, sad to tell, are quite numerous. Still, though, I do not suppose that the drinking of whisky ever made any man more of a gentleman, or a professor of religion, any more of a christian. If it has ever, in the whole history of its career made any one, really and truly, smarter, or richer, or wiser, or better, I have yet to find it out. True, some one may say, I have

made money, sir, by the selling of liquor. Aye, and so you may have done; but I do not think any more of you for that, neither do I regard you as really any richer, and I am certain, you are no better. And I would say to you, sir, in the language of warning, that the gold and silver, which you may have raked together by your unholy, abominable, hell-begotten traffic in rum and brandy, will very soon canker; and the rust of them shall be a swift witness against you in a coming day, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Truly, may it be said of you, and of all your brotherhood, "Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." You have treasured up unto yourselves, "wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." O listen, ye destroyers of the human race, listen to the woes pronounced against you in the word of truth, think of the awful and tremendous hell which is in

store for you, and then turn you from your ways of sin and iniquity. Reader, excuse me; my soul burns in me with indignation, as I think of the misery, mourning and woe, which these dram-sellers are spreading broad-cast over the land! But come, let us pass on.

I once had an appointment at Watkin-ville, Clarke county; and true to the same, I was on the ground at the proper hour. I found that quite a crowd of people had gathered, though I did not know for what purpose. So I called for Moore, the tavern-keeper, whom I had requested to make the appointment for me, and asked him if he had done so. He said, he had; "but," continued he, "you see there is a bad chance for preaching. And I do not know what I can do for you; for the people are in such a drinking way," [mind you, he had sold them the liquor,] "and are so loud and boisterous, that I cannot control them." He, however, sent my

horse to the stable, and brought me into the room where his wife was, and she set supper before me. But I could not eat much. I was so disappointed. It also troubled me very much, to hear the noise, and cursing, and swearing of the people. The prospect for preaching was quite gloomy, when I rode up; but as the night grew darker, so did my preaching prospects, until complete darkness shut out every ray of hope. The fuss and uproar, however, kept growing louder and louder, until Moore, being ashamed, I suppose, of their conduct, tried to pacify them; but the more he tried, the worse they got. And so they went on bawling, and shouting, and yelling, just like a pack of crazy folks fresh broke loose from Bedlam, until Moore shut up his door and left them. Then they began to pelt the house with rocks, and whatever else they might lay hands on, all the time crying out for more liquor. I was afraid they

would really break the door down, and come in upon us, and then there is no telling what a crowd of drunken, hair-brained fellows might have done. They did not get in, though, and at last, to my great joy and relief, they went away. I did not sleep much that night; and next morning, very soon, I got up, and went over to old brother Harvey's, about seven miles from Watkinville, and was much helped up by him. We went on to a general meeting together, where we had a fine turnout, fine brethren, fine preaching, and withal, such a fine state of feeling, that I was made very glad, so that, I almost forgot Watkinville. I did not forget it, though, and never shall, I reckon.

Not long after this, brother Manning and myself commenced a long tour of appointments in the lower counties; and after being out about three weeks, we came round up into Burke. After preach-

ing at Buckhead, Barkcamp, Rocky Creek and Waynesboro', we held meeting at a place near Crocket's negro quarter. While brother Manning was preaching here a drunken fellow kept talking, and interrupting him so much, that Manning spoke out and told him, one at a time was good order. Upon this, the man got up and came near the pulpit, and spoke out very loud, and said, "Manning! and pray, sir, who are you? Begone, sir, where you come from." So Manning quit, and came out of the pulpit. I was to follow, but this disorder broke up the meeting. The poor drunken man followed us out into the yard, and abused Manning very much; we, however, left him there, and mounting our horses, went on to brother Gray's, about four miles from the meeting house.

After we got dinner, being very much fatigued, we lay down to take a little rest. It was not long though, before here came the poor fellow that had troubled us in the

morning; he rode up to the gate, and inquired of brother Gray, whether Manning and Perryman were there. Gray went out to where he was, and told him we were there, but that he had better go away, and let us alone. For, says he, "they have been out a long time laboring night and day, and have become quite weary, and they are now laying down to refresh themselves. So, go away, and let them alone." But no, he would not. Said he, "I have nothing against Perryman, for he has been preaching with us for some years; but as for Manning, I must whip him." So down he gets from his horse, and came right into the piazza, and begins cursing Manning, and calling him all the bad names he could think of. Gray tried to get him to hush and go off, but no, he had come to whip Manning, and he meant to do it. Thus he went on until Manning, who had been listening to what was going on, got his spunk set on

fire. So up he gets, and gathers a big stick that I was in the habit of riding with, and bolts out into the piazza, where the luckless fellow was, and was just about to use him up, when Gray and myself caught hold of him and kept him away. "What! Manning," I halloed out, "are you going to kill the poor man?" The fellow got terribly scared, and cleared out in quick time, and went to a Justice of the Peace, to get a warrant for Manning. But the Esquire was knowing to this matter somewhat, and would not grant him any. So thus ended this affair.

A few days after this, I preached on Saturday at old Kiokee meeting house, where I was baptized; and after preaching, I was asked by a woman, a widow lady, to go home and take dinner with her. I had no objections, so I, and the good brother who was with me, went along with her. While the dinner was coming in, the woman got rather boozy, so that she made

a bad out in helping the table. I was very much mortified, and making but a short dinner, said to my companion in travel, "Come, let us be in a hurry." We rose from the table, hoping that the woman would stay and make out her dinner; and thus give us a chance to be off. But she got up too, and said to me, "You must pray for me and mine before you leave. You have prayed here in my husband's life time, and this family needs prayer as much now as ever." I told her I would pray for her as I went along. But this would not do for her; and here-upon she caught me by the coat and hung on to me. I then turned to my brother, and asked him if he would not pray. But no, he would not agree to it. So to get clear of the dear lady, I cried out, "Let us pray." And I got on my knees very quick, and she fell down behind me, and I offered a short prayer; for I did not know how to pray for one so top-heavy.

So I got rid of the woman, and went on over to brother Marshall's, my father in the gospel, who was then lying on his death bed.

The next day we had a very large congregation, and while preaching, I took occasion to cry out in a very loud voice, that we were getting to be very much like the young wolf—one day older, and two days worse. “For not only,” said I, “are the men among us taking too much alcohol, but the dear women, who should be patterns of sobriety, and good order, and good manners, and good morals, even these have got at it too.” The congregation knew pretty well whom the cap would fit; and the poor woman, who was there, seemed much mortified, while the people were fitting the cap upon her.

Many of my fair readers will no doubt cry out against this woman—and her conduct certainly deserves censure; but take care! let the one that is without sin

among you cast the first stone at her. It is not every one that I will suffer to cry out against, and throw rocks at this dear lady, that had the bad luck to happen to her. Well, whom will you except? Whom do you think unfit to talk about this woman you have just told us of? Why, to make a long story short, All you tobacco-snuff-tooth-rubbers. Do you understand that word? I guess you do—a guilty conscience does not need much explanation. Trimmings and trinkets, feathers and gathers, ruffles and muffles, tippetts and tucks, frills and flounces, are all bad enough: becks, and nods, and bends, and bows, and winks, and blinks, and flaunts, and flirts, are worse; but this tobacco-snuff-tooth-scouring! hoity, toity! this beats bad out of hollow. Just look at that nice, delicate young Miss, (and, lack-a-daisy, sometimes the superanuated ones too,) as she hauls out the old brown bottle, and begins the delightful business!

Look, as the work proceeds apace! See the nasty, filthy, dirty, sooty, smutty stuff, all besmeared and bedaubed over hand, and fingers, and mouth, and face! Whew! fie shame! fie shame! But I will not bear down on you too hard; let us pass on to a little anecdote, different from any I have yet told. I tell it for the special benefit of the young people, who may read my little book. I love young people very much; more particularly, however, when they are quiet, orderly, decent, well-behaved, lovers of good ways, and actions, and doings.

Not more than a great many years ago, I happened to be in the little town of F.; and while there, I stayed with brother T., a Baptist minister. He was at the head of a Female School, established in that place, and had under his care, some sixty or seventy, fine, large, healthy, young girls, from various parts of the country. It was a rule of the school, and I think a very

good one too, that young chaps should not be permitted to gallant the girls to meeting, or any other place of public gathering. Now it came to pass, that about the time I was there, a good brother's daughter, smartly in her teens, who was boarding with brother T., happened to see a young man riding along the street, a perfect stranger in the place; when, all of a sudden, as quick as a flash of lightning, she, poor baby girl, fell in love with him; and then, without any further ceremony, without saying a word to brother T., or asking the advice of her parents, she sends him a note, to the intent that if he would meet her that night in the teacher's garden, she would marry him. T., however, got wind of their arrangements and plans; so he locks up the poor, silly girl, and prepares a large bowl of soot and water, as black as he could make it, and takes along with him two or three good young men, and hides in the garden.

So after dark, sure enough, the youngster came; but instead of getting a bride, he got a blacking. The young gent cleared out from that place in a hurry, and has not been heard of since, so far as I know. And so wound up this affair.

Now boys, take warning from the example of this fellow, and mind how you try to steal people's daughters. Be open and above board, in all your matters. And you girls, do not be so foolish as to fall in love with every one you see, just because he happens to have a fine form, or a handsome face. Pay some attention to the outward man, but not too much; look mostly at the inward man. Do thus, and you will form connections which will be blessings to yourselves, to your parents, to your country, and to the cause of the blessed Redeemer.

CHAPTER VIII.

This chapter I intend to be my last, and in it I shall mention some little family matters. These, as the reader will notice, I have not dwelt much upon in the foregoing sketches, and I shall now dismiss them pretty soon. Perhaps, I shall not mention enough to gratify the curiosity of some, who are acquainted with me: perhaps, I may mention too much for some who know but little of me. I ask the pardon of both parties.

My father, it will be remembered, was a native of Old Virginia. He moved to Georgia, soon after the Revolution, and settled in what is now Columbia county. It was here that my dear mother died. As was said before, she was a member of the Baptist Church; as were also her ancestors, so far as I know. She was the mother of eight children, of whom five were boys: I was the second child. In

the course of a year or two after my mother's death, father married the second time. A short while after this marriage, he left Georgia and moved over into South Carolina, settling high up in that State, in the fork of Tugola and Seneca rivers. Here he died, September 24, 1804. He left this world in the fellowship of the church militant, and is now, I hope, enjoying that of the church triumphant in glory.

In the year 1810, I left the home of my early manhood, and moved into Warren county: here I lived during most of the travels which have been mentioned. From this place, as head quarters, I traveled far and near, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. Throughout the northern, middle, and southern counties of our own State, as well as in various portions of South Carolina and Alabama, I often journeyed,* sometimes in company,

* At but a moderate estimate, I have, in my various tours of preaching, traveled, I reckon, some hundred and twenty thousand miles, and that mostly on horseback.

sometimes alone—sometimes rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory, at others, depressed in spirit, and bowed very low, even down to the earth.

About the year 1822, my wife being seriously threatened with consumption, that great destroyer of men and women; I carried her to a doctor living high up in South Carolina, near Pendleton, Court House. This man had a great name, as one who was able to cure the disease which my wife had. We gave him, as I thought a fair trial; but with all his medical skill and knowledge, he did little or no good. After about a year, however, my wife got some better, and I was led to hope the good Lord would kindly heal her disorder, and soon restore her to healthfulness and vigor. But in the counsels of His eternal will, He had otherwise ordered; the feeble ray of hope, so fondly cherished by me, was soon obscured, and a night of dreary darkness settled

upon my pathway. On the 24th of May, 1825, my dear Ruth, the wife of my youth, the endeared companion of my riper years, and the sympathizing sharer of my cares and griefs, was taken from me by the unfeeling hand of Death. With streaming eyes, and a sorrowing heart, I looked upon her for the last time on earth, and then, as did Abraham of old to his beloved Sarah, I buried her out of my sight. But though nature compelled me to weep, I hope I was resigned to the will of the Lord. He had but taken what He had given nearly forty years before. It was meet, therefore, that I should say with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." And so we all ought to say, whatever be the dispensations of Providence. Many professed christians, when afflictive visitations befall them, are apt to murmur and repine. They do not consider the folly of their course. If

they are true christians, true children of God, they then can claim that blessed, and soul-cheering promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God." It seems that this declaration of God, ought to satisfy every one—hushing every murmur, and banishing every complaint. God knows all things, past, present, and to come; His eye takes in eternity at a glance: consequently, He, and He alone, knows what is for the best. We are creatures of a moment, and know but little: we often think that a blessing, which is really a curse. And so, on the other hand, we often think that a great misfortune, which is a great benefit—that a great evil, which is really a great good. It is proper and right, then, that we should, at all times, and under all circumstances, give up ourselves to the disposal of a good, and a wise God. The "children of the Heavenly King" need not fear the trials and tribulations of this world—

they need not go bowed down like a bulrush, because of the adversities and backsets of life; by no means. On the contrary, it is their privilege, and even their duty to say with David, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." Listen still further, ye mourning and sorrowing ones, who fear that the storms of this unfriendly region may make shipwrecks of your faith and hope, listen to the heaven-inspired language of Paul, and then go on your way, strengthened with all might in the inner man, and trusting in the strong arm of Israel's God: "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? it is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? it is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercessions for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is Christ Jesus our Lord." Hallelujah! Praise the Lord, who giveth us the victory through the precious blood of the Lamb. Amen!

Realizing the truthfulness of these blessed promises, I humbly hope that my dear wife went through her pilgrimage

here upon earth, unharmed by the world, the flesh, or the devil; and that she is now one of that great multitude whom no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, who stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and who cry with a loud voice, salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. O glorious thought! Amen!

But though I tried to give up my wife, with calmness and resignation, to the Lord from whom I had received her, yet, I must confess, it was a great trial to me. I did not think it would go so hard with me to be without a companion until I came to try it. I now felt, perhaps, more than ever before, the truth of God's word, that "it is not good for man to be alone." Like a man with one leg, or a bird with one wing, I was not able to go on as I had done before. I felt that my power for

usefulness was injured—I was not able to work in the cause of the Lord, as once I had done. I know that Paul says that he would that all men were even as himself, that is, unmarried. But I think that circumstances alter cases. I do not reckon Paul's teaching, in this particular, applicable to us of the present day. But be that as it may: the Lord says in substance, on various occasions, According to your faith, so be it done unto you: and therefore, according to my faith, so I did. The Psalmist says, in a certain place: "I believed; therefore have I spoken;" I believed, therefore have I acted. Whether I did right, or whether I did wrong, the Lord knoweth. To Him I stand or fall, and to Him I give up my case. It is a small matter with me to be judged of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self, but He that judgeth me is the Lord.

In harmony with the foregoing views

and feelings, as time progressed, I was induced to seek out, as did old Abraham, another who should be a companion for me in the pilgrimage of life. I was directed, in the Providence of God, to Martha Watson; and in the year following the death of my first wife, I was joined to her in matrimony. She still continues with me upon the shores of time.

I know that some people object to second marriages; but they who thus object, are generally those who are not in a situation to form a correct judgment. Only they, who have experienced the evils of solitude after pleasant companionship, have a right to a voice here. Besides, I have scripture precedent for my conduct, and moreover, what is done, is done, and cannot now be helped; so we'll just say no more about the matter.

I hope the reader is not wearied; but a few more observations, and then I shall have closed these rough-hewn,

random sketches of my life. After my second marriage, I settled in Richmond county, about twelve miles from the city of Augusta; at this place I still live. My manner of life here has been so similar to what it was before, that much need not be said. I have sometimes had the pastorate of neighboring churches; but whether a regular pastor or not, I have ever endeavored to preach with earnestness and diligence the gospel of Christ. The associations, conventions, and general meetings of my brethren, I have most generally attended; and though my abilities have not enabled me to take a prominent part in these assemblies, yet, it gives me much pleasure to meet with those I love, talk with them, sing with them, pray with them, and rejoice with them, in view of the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

The Lord has blessed me with a strong constitution, for which I desire to be truly

grateful. Though I am now pressing hard upon four score and ten years, and though I have endured many hardships and suffered many privations, and notwithstanding my once erect form is now bowed with the weight of years, yet, I still possess much of my vivacity and vigor. I still meet with my brethren, from year to year, in their associational and other meetings; and I still lift up my voice in calling upon poor sinners to fly from the wrath to come.

And now, in conclusion, I wish to give a parting exhortation to my brethren, friends, and acquaintances, scattered abroad in various parts of the country. As an aged watchman upon the walls of Zion, and as one whose voice will soon be hushed by death, I hope you will give me a patient hearing.

Brethren in the Ministry of the Gospel! a word to you. For more than half a century, I have been laboring in the cause

which now engages you. As I look back upon my past life, I see many errors and many short-comings. But though I regret many things that I have done, I am not sorry that I ever entered the gospel ministry. Though I regret many things which I have said, I am not sorry that I ever lifted up my voice in calling upon men to repent and believe. And though my labors have not been crowned with the success which has followed those of others, yet I do thank the Lord that they have not been wholly in vain. If in the bright world, to which I hope shortly to go, a single soul shall rise up and point to me as a spiritual father, the cup of my joy will run over. To have happy spirits looking to us as instruments in the hands of God of their salvation.—O delightful thought! May this reflection, then, dear brethren, stimulate you to increase your efforts in the cause of the Lord. Strive hard to bring many sheaves into the gar-

ner-house of Heaven—labor to add many stars to your crown of rejoicing. Poor sinners are hurrying on to death, many of whom have not yet been warned of their danger. Lift up then, brethren, ye watchmen upon Zion's walls, lift up your voices like a trumpet, and exhort these fellow travelers to eternity, to flee to the walled towns for safety, before destruction find them in the plain. And are any of you, instead of crying thus aloud, sitting down idly at home, saying but little, and doing less? Alas, alas, my brethren! Have you no love for sinners? no love for Christ who died to save them? Do you wish to gather no precious sheaves for your Lord? Do you wish to have no stars in your crown of rejoicing? Can you see your neighbors, and friends, and acquaintances, dropping into the grave unprepared, and are you not touched with pity? Can you look upon the desolations of Zion—her pleasant places laid waste,

her walls broken down, her gates, her palaces, and her towers, burnt with fire—and do not your eyes overflow with the tears of weeping? O brethren, brethren, no longer, I beseech you, no longer, let your lips remain closed, or your tongue silent—no longer, keep your talent buried in the earth—no longer, keep your light hid under a bushel!

Brethren and Sisters, private members of the Churches! a word to you. You must not think that the duty of carrying on the cause of Christ, rests altogether upon the ministry. No, no; as well might you think that the officers of an army were bound to do all the fighting. I fear that many of you have mistaken notions about this matter. You think, I am afraid, that because the ministry have been especially set apart for the work of the Lord, therefore, you have nothing to do—nothing but to “stand still and see the salvation of Jehovah.” You are alto-

gether wrong. You have a great work to do in bringing the men of the world to a knowledge of the truth. True, God's ministers must lead the way, as valiant captains in the army of the Lord; but, unless you follow, their efforts will, to a great extent, be useless. Do not then, brethren and sisters, leave your pastor to do all the work, while you go free. Rally around him; co-operate with him, uphold him on the arms of your prayers; as he bestows upon you spiritual things, bestow upon him temporal; instruct those about you in the truths of the Bible; try to see how punctual you can be in going to meeting—this will encourage him, and strengthen him; be diligent in getting others to go with you to the house of the Lord. Thus do, and you will see the cause of God prospering in your midst.

In order to do these things, you must be strong, healthy Christians. Would you

be thus? Then you must take a plenty of exercise, and a plenty of wholesome food. And where may these be found? You will find exercise in doing the things above mentioned—you will find food in your closets, and in your Bibles. Go to these, day by day, and you will get abundant supplies. Is not a man lean and weakly, and unfit for labor, who only eats once a day, or once in two or three days? So will you be, if you neglect these means of obtaining refreshment. Pray then, brethren and sisters, often; yea, without ceasing: as the stream flows unceasingly from the fountain, so let the desires of your hearts continually run out in prayer to God? Also, be diligent in reading the Scriptures: be like the Psalmist, whose delight was in the law of the Lord, and His law did he meditate day and night.

“ Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.

Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood; but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Amen!

Sinner, poor, dying sinner! a word to you. Listen, I entreat you, to the voice of love. My heart yearns over you, as I behold you exposed to wrath, the awful wrath of a sin-avenging God! I look far

on ahead, and I see the gathering of that storm cloud, which must soon burst in fury upon you: I hear the mutterings of that thunder, which must, ere long, strike terrors to your soul. Yes, sinner, the storm is coming, it is coming swiftly, it will soon be here! Fly then, O fly for refuge to the hope set before you in the Gospel. Why do you sit still? If you were out in the open field, and should see a dark cloud rising, and spreading across the sky; if you should see the lightning begin to flash, and hear the thunder begin to roar; would you not, think you, run home for shelter? I know you would. This you would do, merely to keep off pain from the body, and that but for a little while; why not, then, act in a like way in religious matters to keep off pain from your souls, which pain must last forever? Have you any reason? No good one, I reckon. Suppose your house was about to be burned up, and you

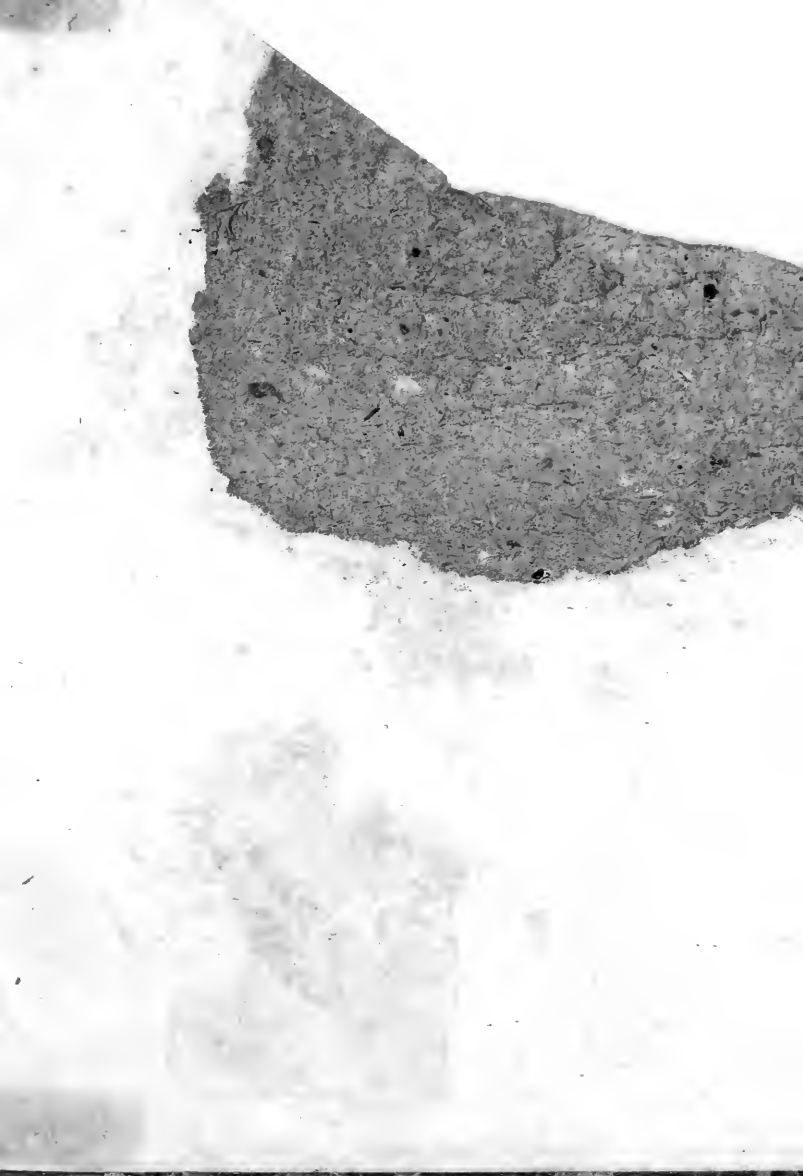
should find it out, would you need much entreaty to make you leave it? I guess not. Why then not be as reasonable in spiritual affairs. You leave that house about to be burned to save your body, how much more ought you do the like to save your soul! Now, sinner, you are an inhabitant of the city of destruction; and this city is doomed to be burned up by the fire of God's vengeance. The Lord says so, and it shall be done. Except you leave and that speedily, you must be burned up with it. As a lover, therefore, of your immortal soul, I would implore, I would beg you, fly for your life; tarry not in all the plain, fly to the mountain of salvation, before the Lord shall rain down upon you the fire and brimstone of His wrath, and destroy you forever! May the Lord of His mercy help you so to do. Amen!

Now, reader, I am through my little exhortation, I am through my little book,

and I am almost through my sojourn upon earth. The frosts of many winters have left their marks upon my locks, and now time distinctly whispers in my ears, thy days are few. But though I hear this warning, and although I find myself standing upon the brink of the grave, feeling that ere long, I must go down into its darkness and silence, my soul is calm—my spirits are undisturbed. I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep what I have committed unto Him. My trust for salvation is in the precious blood of the eternal Son of God. He is my only hope—my only ground of rejoicing. “The time of my departure is at hand,” yet I humbly hope that I can go on to say with Paul, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give

me at that day, and not to me only,
unto all those also that love his appearing.”
Yes, reader, I hope soon to leave the cares
and sorrows, and afflictions of this un-
friendly world—I hope soon to cross the
swelling wave of Jordan’s stream—I
hope soon to pass the pearly gates of the
New Jerusalem—I hope soon to walk its
golden streets, wear its starry crowns,
and drink its crystal waters—I hope soon
to meet Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob,
and all the old patriarchs and prophets—
I hope soon to shake hands with Peter
and Paul, and James, and John, and with
all the Apostles and glorified spirits who
sing the song of redeeming love—and
above all, and more than all, and better
than all put together, I hope soon to see
my blessed Saviour, yes, see Him as He is,
see Him for myself and not for another—
soon to rest in the bosom of my heavenly
Father, and enjoy the smiles of His
countenance ! O glorious expectation !

and, ightful prospect ! No more sin, no more toil, no more suffering, no more sorrow, but a heart overflowing with joy, and peace and love—God my Father, Jesus Christ my elder brother, heaven my home, eternity my life-time ! Grant it, O God, for the sake of Thy dear Son ! Amen !



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